

H.C. Burleigh Papers

Newland

(24)

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
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Memorandum from  
Register of  
Forquieside  
Scotland



Keith 26 July 1927

George H. B. & Co. 26 July 1927

Keith 26 July 1827

George Crawford & Logie  
And Green Thompson in Logie side  
was born the 24<sup>th</sup> and kept until  
the day - William Alexander Thompson  
and Alexander Thompson in  
Logie side

Keith 28<sup>th</sup> June 1831

William Crawford & Logie  
was born the 28<sup>th</sup> June - in Logie side  
was born on the 1<sup>st</sup> and was  
Logie side the day - William Alexander Thompson  
Logie side and John Stephen Little  
Logie side



~~Fathers Mother Name~~  
Fathers Grand Mother Name  
On Fathers Side Wilson  
Fathers Grandmother Name  
on Mothers Side Clarke







*Maitland House*

**Maitland \* Hotel,**



33 SHANDWICK PLACE,  
EDINBURGH. . . .

*Friday Aug 8<sup>th</sup>*  
*Thursday 10<sup>th</sup>*  
*24 shilling*  
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Jan 1st

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— From my 1st of Jan. 1862. I have only  
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I have only been in the city since the 1st of Jan. 1862.  
I have only been in the city since the 1st of Jan. 1862.

who looks refreshingly cool in her daint  
But the contrast is no greater than tha  
and she acts precisely as she looks, "fair

## Eastern Visitor Guest of Honor At Charming Tea

Mrs. Blythe Rogers was hostess at a smart tea on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Graham of Kingston. The tea table was decorated with pink roses and was presided over by Mrs. B. T. Rogers and Mrs. Gardner Johnson. The ices were served by Mrs. L. G. McPhillips. Other guests were Lady Piers, Lady Margaret Boscawen, Lady Cameron, Mrs. Lefevre, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. C. G. Henshaw, Mrs. J. C. Kelth, Mrs. William Murray, Mrs. Sillitoe, Mrs. Levenson, Mrs. Lester Brooks, Mrs. Norman Lang, Mrs. Mayne D. Hamilton, Mrs. Charleson, Miss Charleson, Mrs. E. P. Davis, Mrs. Ghent Davis, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. E. J. Enthoven, Mrs. P. G. Shallcross, Mrs. J. W. Kerr, Mrs. Wroughton, Mrs. Taylor Wood, Mrs. Julius Griffith, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Wallace Wilson, Mrs. Ernest Buckerfield, Mrs. Collin Graham, Mrs. R. G. Tupper, Mrs. H. S. Sherwood, Mrs. Francis Ewing, Miss Jones of Victoria, Mrs. Hanning, Mrs. Watkin Boulton, Mrs. Waghorne, Mrs. Harold Macdonald, Mrs. Grange V. Holt, Mrs. Reid, Miss Pelly, Mrs. J. R. Seymour, Miss Adele Seymour and Miss Ruby Seymour.

### Theatre Party.

Mrs. Norman Lang entertained at a jolly luncheon on Monday, taking her guests later to the theatre. The guests were Miss Peggy MacRae, Miss Lucille MacRae, Miss Louise Massie, Miss Janet Wilson, Miss Jean Murray, Miss Mary Knight, Miss Kathleen Griffin and Miss Gertrude Massie.

### Luncheon Hostess.

Lady Cameron entertained today at luncheon in honor of her guest, Miss Margaret Martin of Winnipeg.

### Yacht Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lang left today on their yacht the Norsal for Seattle, accompanied by Miss Sally Lang, Miss Jean Murray, Miss Janet Wilson and Miss Massie of Los Angeles.

Ideal weather and unabated enthusiasm continue to make Brighthouse the popular rendezvous for the smart set. Among those noticed at the races yesterday were: Mr. and Mrs. Knox Walkem, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Chlene, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Shull, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Albert, Colonel and Mrs. H. St. J. Montzambert, Judge and Mrs. Rutherford of Ottawa, Mrs. J. O. Benwell, Mrs. Brydone-Jack, Miss Rutherford of Ottawa, Miss Audrey Brydone-Jack, Mrs. Max Reid, Mrs. George Powell, Mrs. Watkin Boulton, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Lampman, Mrs. E. W. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gellately, Mrs. George Kidd, Mrs. A. H. Douglas, Mr. Allan MacIntosh, Major Montague Furber, Major J. G. Fordham, Mr. Claman, Mr. Norman Drysdale, Mr. Dolf Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. Hurtle Reid, Mr. A. E. Austin, Dr. and Mrs. F. X. McPhillips.

### Victoria Visitor.

Miss Hazel Shakespeare of Victoria is a recent visitor in the city and is the guest of Mrs. C. W. Kirk Belmont, West Point Grey, for a few weeks.

### Recovering at Home.

Friends of Miss Helen Mutrie will be pleased to know that she is now convalescent after her recent operation at the Vancouver General Hospital.

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## Baby Complains.

IF a baby has of expressing any pain or ir- from its normal condition of health and happi- y, a prolonged irritated cry. Restlessness, a or of the whole body, fretful. In these and ere is something wrong. Most mothers know wels that do not act naturally are the cause a call for the doctor is the first thought, but hould be ready at hand a safe remedy such

any baby's ailments for over 30 years and has bely physician in a measure not equaled by of its harmlessness and the good results

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*Chas. H. Fletcher*



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By the time the fire had gained headway that part of the hose had been destroyed and the connection burned off.

The fire marshal points out that conditions such as outlined will some day lead to the whole place being wiped out by fire. In addition, fire insurance companies can not be expected to reduce their rates in municipalities where such conditions exist, he states.

He recommends a reorganization of the fire department with the appointment of a chief on salary.

#### Nobody Wants the P.G.E.

VICTORIA, July 27.—That the government has not received any suggestion of a proposal to dispose of the P. G. E. Railway system from any individual or interest possessed of a status to make it worth while considering, was the statement of Premier Oliver yesterday.

The Elks Band will give a band concert at Robson Park on Friday night between 8 and 10 o'clock.

## No Cause for Worry When Children Have Summer Complaints

There is not a summer passes but that thousands of men, women and children are attacked by summer complaints such as diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps and pains in the stomach, cholera, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, etc.

In looking for relief you should not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, a remedy that has been on the market for the past 77 years, and has stood the test of time.

Mrs. Geo. Chapman, Sudbury, Ont., writes: "I am the mother of five children and I must say they are seldom sick or in need of medicine. They are, however, sometimes troubled with summer complaint, diarrhoea, and such like, but I always find there is no cause for worry as I just give them two or three doses, no more, of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and the trouble soon disappears. It is a remedy that all mothers should keep in the home for the children."

"Dr. Fowler's" is 50c a bottle; put up only by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont. (Advt.)

## DON'T SQUEEZE BLACK-HEADS—DISSOLVE THEM

Squeezing and pinching out blackheads make the pores large and cause irritation—then, too, after they have become hard you can not get all of them out. Blackheads are caused by accumulations of dust and dirt and secretions from the skin and there is only one safe and sure way and one that never fails to get rid of them—a simple way, too—that is to dissolve them. Just get from any drug store about two ounces of peroxide powder—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet sponge—rub over the blackheads briskly for a few seconds—wash off and you'll be surprised to see that every blackhead has disappeared, and the skin will be left soft and the pores in their natural condition—anyone troubled with these unsightly blemishes should try this simple method. (Advt.)

## A. I. STODDART

Department Store

TWO DAYS—  
FRIDAY and SATURDAY  
—DOLLAR DAYS

Corner of  
GRANVILLE and 7TH

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April 18, 1927.

## FINISH R ON PYRE

Be Burned at  
Owned by Col.  
T. Mott

N.Y., April 18.—  
Ontario, which for  
given the impulse of  
power to the yawl.

Papoose on her cruises to every port on the lake, this spring will fan the flames of her pyre at the Oswego Yacht club anchorage, when the best known sailing yacht on the lakes, will be burned that she may know no other than the tradition of sailing under the private signal of her owner in that period, Col. John T. Mott. With her passing Colonel Mott, pioneer yachtsman of Lake Ontario will give up his active sailing career as owner and skipper of a sailing yacht, but as he stated Thursday, will continue to love the life to which he gave up so many hours of a long career, and which has been a contributor of so much to

health and pleasure in his life.

The Papoose, tall sparred and long boomed, in the fashion of 40 years ago, is being fitted out at Big Sodus, where she has been berthed winters for a dozen or 15 years for the last time. Captain Philip Barclay, who for longer than he likes to admit has been fitting out the yawl, is seeing to it that every stay is well made fast and every halyard running true, with masts and booms stayed well, for her last trip down the lake to her home port preliminary to the end.

After the yachts which are now being launched at the Yacht club marine railway have gone down the ways, the Papoose will be hauled out with her heavy lead keel, weighing many tons, just at the water edge. Then the torch will be applied and the yacht will go up in flames and smoke, but to remain long in the memories of Lake Ontario and Oswego yachtsmen.

Built in 1887.

Designed and built in Boston by the elder Burgess, who had designed America cup defenders, the Papoose was launched, a 40 foot racing sloop, in 1887 or just 40 years ago. For two years she was raced most successfully in Atlantic waters, and then was purchased by an ambitious yachtsman in Detroit, Mich., where the Papoose continued her successful career but proved too much of a ship for her owner. Col. Mott, who had previously sailed the cutter Cricket around the lake and was one of the leading yachtsmen of Lake Ontario, bought the Papoose, and late in the fall of 1892, went to Detroit with a crew and sailed her down to Oswego, through the Welland canal. Sloop rigged, the Papoose had a great spread of canvass, her main boom extending a considerable distance over her stern. A long bowsprit carried a tremendous staysail and other head sails, and with ice high on the rigging and inches thick on her deck, the Papoose came into Oswego in record time for the distance, a time which has not since been bettered by a sailing yacht.

Queen of the Lake.

Later the Papoose became a yawl, for convenience in handling sail by a crew limited in numbers. For 35 years she was the queen of the lake, better known, perhaps than any other yacht flying a Lake Ontario club burgee. For years, she was the centre of interest and hospitality at L. Y. R. A. Regattas. In her career on this lake, the Papoose was always kept in first class condition, being frequently overhauled and repaired until it was said by Col. Mott that the only original timber remaining outside of interior mahogany fittings, were the hand-made racing blocks of her rigging.

Colonel Mott will keep the wheel, handsomely fashioned and inlaid, by which he directed the yacht's course during the period, and some of her interior fittings. A tell-tale compass which hung in the owner's stateroom has been given to Commodore Francis D. Culkin, and the yacht's steering gear will be presented to Commodore James Parker for use on the yawl Teresa. Other than that the Papoose, within a few weeks, will go on the ways to come to an honored finish that fire will give to insure she never will be aught than she always was, the centre of Corinthian sportsmanship and the best of yachting tradition.

**FRED B. PENSE WITH  
PORT CREDIT NEWS**

Mr. Fred B. Pense retired on Saturday from the staff of The



Monday, April

**HANL**

(Established

Steamship  
booked to all  
the world.  
ports arra

Through tickets is  
Trans-Atlantic, Trans  
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ship Lines.

Prepaid passages at  
you desire to bring  
friends from abroad.

For full particulars

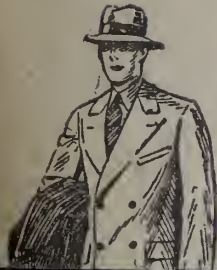
## BIBBYS

THE GOOD CLOTHES SHOP



OUR BIG  
SPECIAL !

\$29.50



VALU

Should attract  
suit buyers to

We are offering a range  
a fine quality, pure wool, Eng  
eral different patterns in ge  
Fancy Worsteds.

All are the latest in color  
A REAL, HONEST-

## SUIT W

# \$29.

Two Big Specials

\$15.00 and

## BIBB

## INSULA

The new idea in building  
Keeping the cold out in w  
Keeping the heat out in  
We sell Insulation Ma  
Wood Sheathing, Beaver B  
Celotex.

Let us know your wants

## S. ANGLIN

COAL, LUMBER AN

Bay and Wellington Streets

Private Branch Excha

**Error on Cable.**

Owing to an error in cable transmission regarding the engagement of Mrs. Blythe Rogers, the name of her fiancée appeared as Lieut.-Commander Massey. This should be Lieut.-Commander Massey Golden, D.S.C., of the Royal Navy.

. . .

**Valentine Social Planned.**



Men! I feel proud to offer you the re  
merit that has been arranged for Sa  
leather all through and will give won  
Come in Saturday. Values to \$8.00 i  
Saturday special .....  
**MEN'S SOLID LEATHER**  
Take my word for it then, they are s  
in black or brown with double toe-c  
Regular \$5.00. Saturday special ....  
**A GROUP OF \$10 VALUES**  
**AT \$5.95**  
There is no...



WILL & LOUIE

Ros. Mason

Mary Mason

Jack Henderson



*Fritz*

*ST. CLOUD*  
*MINN.*

To the children, of the  
 "Emerson  
 Class"

from,  
 Mine,  
 &  
 Jennie,  
 Class of  
 '92.

"Just a line,  
 In which to say-  
 Happy be thy  
 Christmas Day."



COR. ST. GERMAIN ST.  
 +AND+  
 7TH AVENUE,  
 St. Cloud,  
 Minn.

Childrens pictures  
 and large Portraits  
 a specialty.  
 Negatives preserved  
 for future orders





1892-1893

Mothe

Oct. 18 9 5.7.



## Tea Guests Bid Au Revoir to Mrs. B. Rogers

IN compliment to her sister, Mrs. Blythe Rogers, who is leaving to-day for England, Mrs. Colin Graham was hostess at the tea hour, yesterday to a number of friends. Wax-like flowers of pink and white were arranged on the tea table, which was presided over by Mrs. D. H. Wilson, Mrs. Mayne D. Hamilton and Mrs. Lorne Cameron.

The guests included Mrs. C. C. Cator, Mrs. Neville Montgomery, Mrs. O'Callaghan, Mrs. Lorne Cameron, Miss Dorothy Bell-Irving, Miss Dorothy Langford, Mrs. Harold Ker, Mrs. Michael Bell-Irving, Mrs. Reginald Tupper, Mrs. Cecil Merritt, Mrs. Percy Shallcross, Mrs. Dudley Roberts, Mrs. John Jukes, Mrs. Bruce Duncan, Mrs. Bruce Mackenzie, Mrs. Bruce Duncan, Mrs. Pepler, Mrs. J. M. Scott, Mrs. H. Macdonald, Mrs. J. Macdonald, Miss Babs McPherson, Miss Holt, Miss Vi Holt, Mrs. Gordon Farrell, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Mrs. Maurice Wilson, Mrs. Robert Harris, Miss Charleson, Mrs. Dubois Phillips, Mrs. A. H. Douglas, Miss Barnie Buscombe, Miss Eleanor Hutchins, Mrs. Dick Baker, Mrs. T. R. E. Nelles, Miss Nanno Baker, Miss Phyllis Baker, Mrs. A. Alexander, Mrs. Homer Adams, Miss Gordon, Miss Mary Gordon, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Alfred Bull, Miss Jean Macdonald, Miss Geraldine Cambie, Mrs. Buckerfield, Miss Weld, Miss Joyce Harvey, Mrs. W. Gardiner, Miss Kitty Armour, Mrs. Cowdry, Mrs. Herbert Wood, Mrs. D. S. Montgomery, Mrs. Bruce Boyd, Miss Barbara Hogg, Miss Helen Newsome, Mrs. E. W. Hamber, Mrs. L. G. McPhillips, Miss Jean Murray, Miss Anita Bell-Irving, Miss Mary Bell-Irving, Misses Buckerfield, Miss Dorothy Procter, Miss Beatty, Lady Piers, Miss Sally Lang, Miss Patricia Cowan, Miss Frances Cowan, Mrs. Gordon Fleck, Miss Clarence O'Brien, Mrs. Max Reid, Mrs. Ghent Davis, Miss Helen Gordon and Mrs. Watkin Boulton.

### 3 Popular Prices - \$29.75

gowns that we have selected and  
individual case they are a bargain  
dress, and looks to buy with

#### Dresses at \$29.75

Regular Values \$49.75

An unusually handsome group of  
dresses in Canton and Moroccan  
crepe, including black, navy, sage,  
rose, jade, peach, grey, etc.; also  
some very choice two-color effects  
—henna and white, henna and  
fawn, Peking and white, etc.; em-  
brodered, beaded and braid trim-  
med effects.

#### m Housedresses

##### GROUP 2

You will find the better grade ging-  
number of chintz and chambray  
be cleared,  
at ..... \$1.49

#### gain Table of ar at \$1.25

Choosing whitewear from this assort-  
and short clearing lines from our  
nightgowns in many dainty  
combinations, bloomers in  
k camisoles in white and  
covers.  
..... \$1.25

## Weddings

### Tupper—Wilson.

Marked by its simplicity, yet extremely pretty in every detail, was the marriage which was solemnized at Wesley church at 9:15 o'clock this morning when Isobel, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. David H. Wilson, was united in marriage to Major Reginald Hibbert Tupper, son of Sir Charles Hibbert and Lady Tupper. Although the wedding was very quiet, the auditorium of the church was filled with friends of the young couple. The front of the church was covered with a large Canadian flag, and banked in with palms and a profusion of roses and autumn flowers. The "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" was rendered by Mr. Deane Wells as the bride and her attendants entered the church. The young bride, who was given in marriage by her father, looked graceful and pretty in a three-piece costume of pearl grey crepe meteor, with wide-plaited skirt, and long coat trimmed around the collar and hem with silver fox fur, and with touches of palest pink embroidery. She wore a large tulle hat in the same shade and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Alix Wilson, who looked pretty in a frock of pale pink Georgette crepe, with long smock, smocked in lavender, and lavender colored hat. She carried a bouquet of lavender and pink sweet peas. The groom was attended by his father, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper. Rev. Dr. Ernest Thomas performed the ceremony. The groom was married in the uniform of his regiment, the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Vancouver. A large number of soldiers who have returned from France, as well as a number still in training here, were present at the church to do honor to the gallant young soldier who left with the first contingent for France and was severely wounded at the battle of Ypres, and to his young bride. The bridal party left the church led by a piper of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders in full regimentals. The young couple drove from the church to the wharf, where they took the boat for Vancouver Island, where they will spend a few weeks motoring before returning to take up residence here. Lady Tupper, mother of the groom, was wearing a costume of black relieved with touches of white and dark purple wrap of brocaded velvet, with a black hat. Mrs. Wilson, mother of the bride, wore a gown of dark brown peau de soie with hat to match.

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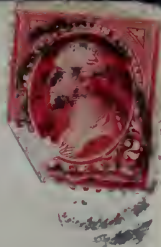
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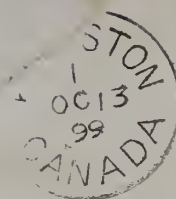
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Mr. Graham  
Esq. — Newland Esq.  
Kingston  
Canada — Ont.



ALBANY, N.Y. 12208-1000

1921 Buckle St -  
Indianapolis  
Oct-9<sup>th</sup>

My dear Mr. Graham,

You will be surprised

I am sure to hear from  
you, but I have thought  
so often of you, and  
your dear old father  
that I feel I should  
not like our acquaintance  
to end without hearing  
more of you both.  
Everything was in such  
a hurry and bustle  
when I last saw you



that - I never even said  
goodbye to you, I don't  
know where you finally  
found yourself, but my  
little man and I were  
hurried off to "Broad St"  
by the Agent who Mr.  
Nixon had to meet us  
he had my ticket etc  
ready so I had nothing  
to do but wait for my  
train at 4.30, it was a  
tiresome wait and I was  
hoping you and Mr.  
Newland would arrive  
at the station, I suppose  
you went to New York  
some other route, Mr.  
Owen, Mr. Lake and Mr.

Dennett all departed from  
Broad St, before I left-  
for the West; We reached  
home safely next day,  
it was a tiresome hot  
journey, but the idea  
of each hour bringing  
us nearer "dear Dada"  
cheered the "Citizen" and  
myself, and we did  
get a warm welcome  
and no mistake,  
Mr. Nixon did not look  
well, and is not well  
at present; he is at home  
as I write, with a  
carbuncle on his forehead  
and suffering greatly,  
he requires a rest and

changes but so far it  
seems impossible for him  
to get it, you know in  
the States it is nothing  
but work, work, all the  
time, really life is hardly  
worth living at that rate,  
you have a better time  
in Canada, you know I  
prefer your country much  
so much more than  
this, my eldest brother  
sails today from Vancouver  
for Shanghai he crossed  
in the Teutonic the week  
before last and has  
been staying in the  
mean time in Ottawa  
with our cousin Lily  
Macoun who married

the Professor's son, William,  
I told my people about  
meeting you, and your  
sister. Knowing my  
relations, it is strange  
how people meet in  
travelling, my brother  
met a gentleman he  
knew quite intimately  
on the "Leicester".

Do you know people  
named Walkers in  
Ripston? my husband  
says he has a cousin  
there, a lawyer, of that  
name, I fancy he must  
be a second cousin, but  
first-cousin to his Uncle,

D<sup>r</sup> Rivers of London  
Ct.

I hope you found  
your children and  
circle well, and that  
you have ere this  
felt the benefit of  
your sea-sickness, how  
wretched you were -  
I felt so very sorry  
for you, and was  
sorrider to think nothing  
but dry land would  
cure you, Remember  
me very kindly to your  
father, I think he  
was the dearest old



gentleman I ever met  
tell him so, and that  
I don't forget him,  
I trust the voyage  
did him good.

Please excuse this  
most untidy dis-jointed  
letter but I have been  
interrupted ever so often  
whilst writing it,  
Write soon, and tell  
me all about yourself  
I hope some day to  
meet you again, two  
of my travelling companions

in the "Pennland" have  
written me such nice  
letters one makes such  
kind friends sometimes  
when travelling,  
I must end, hoping  
soon to hear from you,  
and with love in  
which little Godfrey  
says he joins,

Believe me

Very sincerely yours  
Edith M. Kew.



## P.E.R. NEWLANDS TAKEN BY DEATH

—  
**VENERATED FORMER LEADER OF  
 SEATTLE HERD SUCCUMBS TO  
 ILLNESS LAST MONDAY AND  
 ELKS FUNERAL SERVICES ARE  
 HELD WEDNESDAY.**  
 —

Last Wednesday afternoon the Elks' funeral ritual exercises were held over the remains of our late brother, Past Exalted Ruler Dr. George Newlands, one of the most revered as well as oldest members of No. 92.

The late Bro. Newlands, who had been a resident of Seattle since 1889, he having arrived here some few weeks before the Seattle fire, was one of the earliest members of this lodge. In 1900 he became exalted ruler, and since retirement from that chair, had been, up to the time of his death, one of the most revered of the former chiefs of the lodge.

Bro. Newlands was born at Kingston, Ontario, May 26, 1851, thus lacking but a few weeks of attaining his seventy-first birthday. The deceased brother is survived by his widow, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Newlands; a son, Charles Newlands, of Seattle, and a daughter, Mrs. R. R. Pullen, of Lead, South Dakota. To these bereaved relatives the heart of Elksdom expands in deep sympathy and human kindness.

"Give Thou Eternal Rest O Lord,  
 And Let Perpetual Light Shine Upon  
 Him."

### JUST AWAY

I can not say and I will not say  
 That he is dead; he is just away.  
 With a cherry smile and a wave of  
 the hand  
 He has wandered into an unknown  
 land  
 And left us wondering how very far  
 (wondering he since no longer there,  
 And how far you will see the silent  
 form.  
 For the old man, once and a while, seems  
 To look at him from far away,  
 In many a place he has been there  
 (years of him, still as the years go by,  
 But he has found that he is just away.  
 —James McManus, Esq.

Curry, Fred A. Stode, Chas. T. Johnson  
Associates.

Published weekly under the auspices  
of the Grand Lodge and Seattle Lodge  
No. 92, Benevolent and Protective Order  
of Elks.

Entered as second-class matter No-  
vember 2, 1915, at the Post Office in Se-  
attle, Wash., under the Act of August 24,  
1912.

#### OFFICERS OF THE LODGE

Exalted Ruler.....Walter F. Meier  
Est. Leading Knight.....J. E. Rimbold  
Est. Loyal Knight.....Theo. A. Johnson  
Est. Lecturing Knight.....  
.....Gilbert S. Costello  
Secretary.....William A. Bane  
Treasurer.....A. E. McBreen  
Chaplain.....Rev. Sidney Morgan  
Esquire.....E. A. Gehman  
Asst. Esquire.....Geo. McGilivray  
Inner Guard.....Maurice Friedman  
Tiler.....Chas. W. Kline  
Organist.....Jack O'Dale  
Trustees—Thomas W. Miles, William H.  
Klepper and J. E. Nicholson.

—LEND A HAND—

#### COMING EVENTS.

May 11—Regular meeting. First  
entertainment by new committee  
headed by W. A. "Weary" Wilkins.

—LEND A HAND—

#### NOTICE

An appropriation of \$500 will be  
asked for next Thursday, notice of  
which was given at the last meeting  
of the lodge.

—LEND A HAND—

#### NEW APPLICATIONS

Bro. Ernest D. Brabrook, public ac-  
countant, 9270 50th Ave. So.; proposed  
by Bro. F. A. Stode.

Bro. A. M. Loughney, physician, 311  
Crary Bldg.; proposed by Bro. F. S.  
Young.

Louis A. Molin, druggist, Regent  
Apts.; proposed by Bro. Jack O'Dale.

Frank J. O'Neil, advertising, New  
Richmond Hotel; proposed by W. G.  
Bovee.

Jack V. O'Neil, local manager Pitts-  
burg Plate Glass Co., 125 Warren Ave.;  
proposed by Bro. A. H. d'Evers.

Bro. Raymond K. Rounds, lumber-  
man, 428 Seventeenth Ave. No.; pro-  
posed by Bro. W. A. Bane.

—LEND A HAND—

#### MYSTERY DINNER

in the

#### Club Dining Room

May 15th, Monday, 6 P. M. Sharp

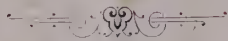
This dinner will be for the purpose  
of springing a surprise on the mem-  
bers.

Only 150 seats available, so get your  
ticket now at the desk or in the gym  
office.

Entertainment

*Miss H. Graham.*

AMERICAN LINE.



PASSENGERS

BY THE

STEAMSHIP "BELGENLAND,"

SAILING FROM

LIVERPOOL,

WEDNESDAY, 9TH AUGUST, 1899.

# LIST OF PASSENGERS

## Steamship "BELGENLAND,"

FROM LIVERPOOL, 9TH AUGUST, 1899.

Captain—W. H. THOMPSON.

Surgeon—R. M. FISHER, M.D.

Purser—B. J. PRIEST.

Stewardess—Miss McDOWELL.

Stewardess—Mrs. WILDING.

Mr. Robert Anderson	Mr. Chas. Cuzner
Mrs. Anderson	Mrs. Cuzner
Dr. R. Anna Breed	Master C. E. Cuzner
Miss Katharine Ball	Master F. H. Cuzner
Master John H. Bowden	Mr. Seymour Davis
Rev. Roger Briggs X	Mrs. Davis
Mr. Louis Bossle	Mr. Paul Davis
Mr. G. D. Buddecke	Mr. Fred. Demmett
Mr. John Bratton	Rev. H. Danielson
Miss Nellie Chadwick	Mr. Edward Emmott
Mrs. Joseph O. Cuthbert	Master George Emmott
Mr. John Clayton X	Miss Greta J. Erickson
Mr. John Cook	Mrs. Hilda S. Erickson
Mrs. Cook	and Infant
Miss Cullinane	Mr. C. Fallon
Miss Mary Cogans	Mrs. Ann Flynn
Miss Annie Cogans	Miss Flynn
Mr John E. Curley	Mrs. Graham
Master Edward Curley	Miss Emily R. Gabel
Master John Curley	Mrs. Ruth Gamble
Mrs. Susan Colladge	



Miss Ellen Gallagher  
 Mr. Ernest Gramm  
 Miss Constance Head  
 Mrs. Katherine Hannel  
 Miss Emma Hannel  
 Miss Irene Hannel  
 Mrs. Charles Heffner  
 Miss Irena Heffner  
 Miss Oden Heffner  
 Mr. W. T. O. B. Hewitt  
 Mr. Fred. Jowett  
 Mrs. Norman Jeffries  
 Miss Hulda Jeffries  
 Master Lester Jeffries  
 Miss Dilly Jeffries  
 Mr. George Lees  
 Mr. H. Leake  
 Miss M. C. Moffett  
 Mr. Wm. McConnell  
 Mrs. McConnell  
 Mr. W. A. McLaughlin  
 Mr. Chas. S. De Maris  
 Mrs. Geo. D. Morrow  
 and Infant  
 Mr. George Monroe  
 Mrs. Annie P. Monroc  
 Master John Monroe  
 Miss Jane E. Monroe  
 Master George T. Monroe

Master Herbert R. Monroe  
 Mr. William Mayl  
 Miss Margaret McFadden  
 Mrs. Richard Niven  
 Master R. G. Niven  
 Rev. Robert H. Nassau  
 Miss Mary Nassau  
 Mr. Newlands  
 Mr. Wm. Owen  
 Mr. Frank M. Pearson  
 Dr. Sophia Presley  
 Dr. Ida E. Richardson  
 Miss Alice Richardson  
 Mr. C. J. Reynolds  
 Mr. Peter Samson  
 Mr. Walter B. Staton  
 Miss Elizabeth A. Taylor  
 Mr. R. Calvert Taylor  
 Mr. F. E. Tweddell  
 Miss Lydia Weston  
 Mr. Nelson Webbe  
 Mr. Francis De Lacy White  
 Mr. C. A. Willis  
 Mr. Harrington Waddell  
 Miss Maggie Wall  
 Mrs. T. D. Woollett  
 Miss M. A. E. Woollett  
 Mr. T. R. Woollett  
 Miss Amelia Wallace

# AMERICAN LINE. PHILADELPHIA & LIVERPOOL.

BREAKFAST at 8 a.m.

LUNCH at 12-30 p.m.

DINNER at 6 p.m.

SUPPER at 9 p.m.

The Bar closes at 11 p.m. LIGHTS are extinguished in the Saloon at 11 p.m., and in the Smoking Room at 11-30 p.m.

Please apply to the Second Steward for Seats at Table.

Inquiries regarding Baggage will be attended to by the Second Steward, to whom all Baggage which Passengers wish to leave in the Company's care should be handed, properly labelled, and with full instructions as to disposal.

Steamer Chairs can be obtained for use on the voyage, at a charge of 2s. each, upon application to the Second Steward.

The Company will not be responsible for valuables or money unless given in charge of the Purser, and a receipt for same obtained from him.

Persons holding Return Certificate should give as early notice as possible of the date upon which they desire to sail from Philadelphia, to the International Navigation Company, 305, Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Letters may be addressed to the care of any of the Offices named below, and they will be retained until called for, or forwarded according to instructions.

## INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,

305 WALNUT STREET	-	-	-	-	PHILADELPHIA.
73 BROADWAY	-	-	-	-	NEW YORK.
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MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, 3RD & PINE ST.	-	-	-	-	ST. LOUIS.
10, 12 & 14 WASHINGTON AVENUE, SOUTH	-	-	-	-	MINNEAPOLIS.
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1306 F STREET, N.W.	-	-	-	-	WASHINGTON.

## RICHARDSON, SPENCE & CO., Managing Agents

22 WATER STREET	-	-	-	-	LIVERPOOL.
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VON DER BECKE & MARSICK, AGENTS - ANTWERP.

N. & J. CUMMINS & BROS. - QUEENSTOWN.

# FRESH BATCH

Of Medical Doctors Are  
Turned Out.

## AT MEDICAL SCHOOL

THE PRIZEMEN ARE NAMED  
BY FACULTY.

The Results Were Posted Last  
Last Night and Comprise  
Very Interesting List—The  
Graduates Recommended for  
the House Surgeoncies at  
General Hospital.

The examination results at Que-  
bec medical college were made public  
Monday night, and were eagerly  
scanned. The forty-seven graduates  
are:

### M.D. Degrees.

- A. E. Baker—Blackfalds, Sask.
- W. H. Ballantyne—Kingston.
- J. A. Barnes—Kingston Junction.
- A. M. Bell—Moscow.
- E. Bolton—Philipsville.
- J. F. Brander—Northport, N.S.
- H. Cochrane—Sunbury.
- G. L. Cockburn—Sturgeon Falls.
- C. R. Dear—Bridgetown, Barbados.
- D. G. Dingwall—Lancaster.
- W. F. Gavin—Lancaster.
- G. D. Gordon—Kingston.
- C. W. Graham, (B.A.)—Kingston.
- J. Johnston (B.A.)—Combermere.
- W. G. Laidley—Kingston.
- C. A. Lawler—Kingston.
- S. L. Lucas—Kingston, Jamaica.
- F. E. Lowe—Adelphi, Jamaica.
- S. McCallum (M.A.)—Brewer's Mills.
- J. P. McCormick—Ottawa.
- D. J. McDonald—Whycocomagh, N.S.
- A. G. McKenley—Chapelton, Jamaica.
- D. McLellan—Forester's Mills.
- F. R. Nicolle (B.A.)—Kingston.
- F. J. O'Connor—Long Point.
- W. M. R. Palmer—Northcote.
- R. K. Paterson—Renfrew.
- W. E. Patterson—Newburgh.
- W. R. Patterson, (B.A.)—Kingston.
- L. L. Playfair—Kingston.
- C. A. Publow—Kingston.
- H. O. Redden—Ernesttown.
- J. Reid—Renfrew.
- A. D. C. Rob—Nashville, Tenn.
- B. A. Sandwith—Whitstable, Eng.
- T. F. Saunders—Rhinebeck, N.Y.
- S. S. Shannon—Kingston.
- S. H. Smith—Chambers.
- J. B. Snyder—Lancaster.
- W. E. Spankie—Wolfe Island.
- J. H. Stewart (B.A.)—Waba.
- E. M. Sutherland (B.Sc.)—Montreal, Que.
- B. C. Sutherland—Montreal, Que.
- W. J. Taugher—Beachburg.
- C. P. Templeton—Napance.
- J. J. Wade—Balderson.
- D. M. Young—Bristol, Que.

### The Prize Winners.









In  
Memoriam

**DIED**

At Prinyer, Saturday, 14th November,  
—1903—

**Minerva Ann Davis**

wife of John Prinyer, Esq.,  
aged 75 years.

**FUNERAL**

Will take place from the family residence,  
on Tuesday

**the 17th Inst.**

at 8 o'clock. Service at St. Gregory's  
at 11 o'clock.





WEEKLY OFFERING.

Chalmers Church.

Name,

Date

No. of Pew      Am't





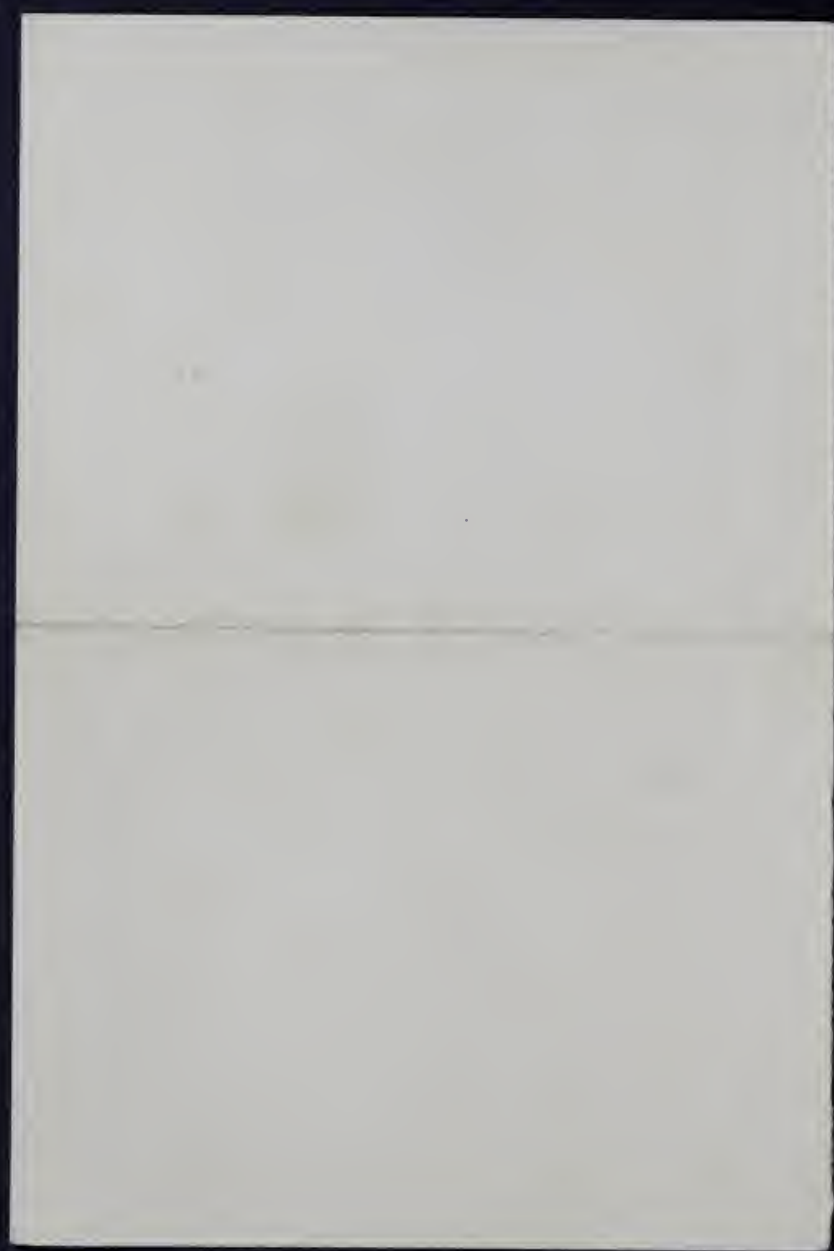
*The Misses Carmichael*  
*request your presence*  
*at the marriage of their niece*  
*Maria Wilhelmina Carmichael*  
*to*  
*Struan Gordon Robertson*  
*at their residence,*  
*Wednesday morning September sixteenth*  
*eighteen hundred and ninety six*  
*at eleven thirty.*

---

*Sea Bank,*

*Pictou,*

*Nova Scotia.*







SWEETHEART ABBEY.

## GREY GALLOWAY.

BY W. STEWART ROSS.

In the whirling vortex of the world's vastest Babylon—a vortex in which I have been for years—I am, nevertheless, not engulfed and absorbed. My individuality, my nationality, remain. And, often, out of great London's clash and roar, I rise into the hush of some wild glen in grey Galloway. My ears hear not the grinding of the many wheels, the tread of the myriad feet; but, in a dream which is not all a dream, the burr thunders in spate down the riven side of Kinherrie Hill, the peo-vents scream in the Black Moss of Anchengray, and the coveyed partridges rise with a startling whirr from the turnip fields of Gleusone. The long pillar of cloud that, spun out by the engine, trails over the railway train transforms itself into the whiffs of peat-reek from the lums of Craigleside. Ludgate Hill—poor molehill—with its big gin-shop at the one end and its vast soap-shop at the other, has been touched by the rhabdos of Merlin the enchanter, and becomes a hill indeed and of a verity. The granite rises, solid and rugged, strong as the foundations of the world. Among the red heath and green fern there are great gorges and rents and fissures, as if the mountain side had, of old, been the battlefield of the gods, and, in their grapple, they had torn it savagely with their feet.

On the summit the mist lies solemn and silent, and a glint of solar red from the sky touches and illumines the vaporous blue, so soft and tender, so sweet and ethereal, beautiful as if, on its way to heaven, the vapour had been struck by a gleam from Elijah's chariot of fire. It is thine, it is thine, O Christ, that diadem of transfigured mist, thine that wealth of red heather, thine those deep battle-scars of the glaciers, thine those Titanic ribs of granite, and thine that calm Loch Kindar sleeping at thy feet, thy babe, thou Amazon mother of that loch with its leafy and lonely isle.

It may be easy for one who was born and brought up in no place in particular, in a place like hundreds of other places, to lose childhood's identifying memories in the impressions of other environments and other years; but Galloway is distinctive. There is a pervading spirit in the hills and the moors, in the mists and the storms, that stamp the life-features of her sons with ineradicable impress. Galloway is more than two Scottish counties; it is an ancient kingdom. But few echoes of its earlier annals reach us, and they are turbulent as the mountain burn. It was the men of Galloway who led the van of the Scottish war at the Battle of the Standard; and their fiery valour met the fate which, only a few other days, befel the bravest of the desert of the Sudan. And the things were desolate and mournful in Kirkgunzeon, in the Glenkens, and by Loch Trool, for welders of the Galloway fiail who lay lifeless on Northallerton Moor. And, for generations, for Galloway's unreturning heath and harvest, the hard would strike the elastic harp and wail the coronal of the Ken, the Orr, and the Dee, where the wind yet sings weirdly in the reeds and willows, as if in sympathy with the sad langsyne.

But, terrible as was the Galloway fiail, in the fulness of time Galloway evolved an engine of war more terrible still. Mons Meg sang her first thunder-song among the hills of Galloway, and tradition has it that it was Galwegian thaws and snows which forged her hoops and staves, and that her birth-fires glared and the sledge-hammers rang down by the Three Thorns of Carlingwark. It was against the walls of Threave that Meg commenced her career by hurling granite boulders, each as heavy as a Carstairs cow. It was Meg who drove the hole through the grim and guilty fort of the Black Douglas, and sent him to wander far from the banks of the Dee.

Galloway has patches of tender grass growing under the shelter of her savage crags; and so she has moral grass, beauty to set off against the Black Douglas, his tyranny, and his "hanging-knob." The saintly Devorgilla was a daughter of Galloway—Devorgilla, meet to rank with Margaret Atheling in the gentle-ashara of her saintly life in a rude and tumultuous age. It was Devorgilla who, by the auld hrig over the Nith, first linked Galloway on to Dumfries. It is she who has dowered us with that tenderest legend of the affections, her loving memory of her dead lord, the Balliol, and his enshrined heart laid upon her bosom in the tomb of Sweetheart's holy lane. Alas, that a movement calling itself "The Reformation" should have so far become a Deformation as to lay Vandal hands on so holy a

grave! In the ruined abbey no mortal can now point to the spot where its foundress, Devorgilla, lies. Iconoclasm, however inveterate its hatred of sacerdotalism, might have spared us Devorgilla's tomb. Human devotion like hers is more sacred than the pyx, holier than the altar; and the hand that violated the memorial over her dust was sacrilegious beyond all sacerdotal sacrilege; it desecrated the sublimest sanctity, the love and faith of the human heart made pure by the ordeal of life's sorrow and tragedy. In this world, with its dearth of high ideals, we can ill spare the grave of the Lady Devorgilla, the long-widowed daughter of the Lord of Galloway, who loved, and loved but one, and lay down in death with his heart next to hers in the dull mould under the abbey floor—the abbey which, true to the best light she knew, she had built to the glory of God.

Many successive generations of Gallovidians lived and died in the faith of the lady who founded Dulce Cor. That faith received them in baptism; it blessed their nuptial bed, and hallowed their deathbed. It emboldened the highest flights of their spiritual aspirations, and turmoil and tragedy it gave the sons of men the courage to live and the faith to die.

But the ages bring change, even to the contour of the everlasting hills; and, in the lapse of centuries, the faith of Devorgilla had to give place to the faith of Knox. And, in the end, the change did not come by evolution, but by cataclysm. Creeds which the fathers had worn as bracelets the sons came to regard as gyves. There was repulsion and revulsion, and a waking as if from a long sleep into a fit of fanatical delirium. The partisans of the new faith in their fiery zeal lost all grasp of historic perspective, and the Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant, in the interests of dogma, trampled on aesthetics, and unfurled the flag of devotional Vandalism. Then came wayward, weird, and weary years for Scotland.

And, it was not for her heather she was called the purple land.

Stately Dulce Cor no longer had the keeping of the religious conscience among the multitudes of Galloway's sons. The national mind had received an impulse toward wild and vagrant discussion on subjects which it is wise to recognize as lying outside mortal ken. The authority of old, ecclesiastical and civil, rose to assert itself—its mandate was given by grim and dour defiance. Then, Galloway, thy stern hills and dread peats, became the last desperate refuge of the remnant.

In wilds like these, thy persecuted children, Scotia, fotted a tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws.

It was sought to support the old order of things on the sword points of Lag and Claverhouse. Persecution among such a people only stiffened the muscles of obduracy. In the revolt, Galloway became dotted with martyrs' graves. And, sacred are those graves to Galloway's children to-day, more sacred than is the green turf in ruined Dulce Cor, the green turf where erst the high altar stood when Scotland's sons all knelt at one shrine, a phenomenon which can again be witnessed nevermore.

The world progresses through unrest and convulsion. It cannot stand still; and it marches with bleeding feet. It is vain to aspire after the Mytiline Age when the nation knelt at one shrine. It would be as rational to yearn to see the now withered and fallen leaves of last summer come again to the trees this summer and be green once more. The martyrs' graves on the Galloway moors are the footprints of the feet of Fate. Only by trial and tragedy we spin the thread of our destiny. The Covenanters, according to their light, ay, and beyond their light, pushed on the work of the world. It was not in vain that their life-blood dyed the heath and the breckan. It is not wrong that the men of Galloway today should venerate the rude stone that marks and the hiebell that keeps vigil over their graves. Their work was salutary and heroic, but not final. In the raising of the world to higher levels other heroes must toil and other martyrs bleed. And, in the sacrificial breaking away from the old and the launching into the new, may the sons whom Galloway has yet to hear, in the day of trial, lead as the sons she bore. The day of trial will not come again in the same guise. It will not come with cataclysm; the dawn of it is already upon us; and the attributes which distinguished seventeenth-century martyrdom are now and ever requisite; fidelity to the conscience, moral earnestness, and the spirit of self-sacrifice.—*The Gallovidian.*

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the loftier your purpose is the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—*Phillips Brooks.*

in concealment in the neigh-  
The ruthless General, whose ra-  
ew no bounds, and whose murder-  
was now roused to its utmost by  
ance which he had lately encoun-  
instantly gave orders that a party  
soldiers should be despatched to destroy  
every one of the insurgents who could be  
found. A strong body of troops was accord-  
ingly sent out for this purpose; but the  
officer in command, after he had proceeded  
some distance, suddenly recollected that he  
had no written authority for his mission.  
Dreading to execute so terrible a deed on  
mere verbal instructions alone, he hastened  
back to Culloden House, sought an audience  
with the Duke, and respectfully requested him  
to give his orders in writing.

"No occasion whatever," said the Duke,  
angrily, his feelings irritated by the want of  
confidence displayed by the officer. "Do as  
you are desired, and I'll answer for the con-  
sequences."

The officer, however, remained obstinate,  
and firmly, though politely, refused to do  
what was required of him without documen-  
tary evidence of his authority. Impatient  
at this importunity, and desirous of getting  
rid of so pertinacious a fellow, the Duke  
hurriedly turned round, and sought for paper  
on which to write his order, but he could  
find none. In walking across the room, how-  
ever, he accidentally turned up with his feet  
a piece of carpet which was loose, and  
brought to view a playing card. It was the  
nine of diamonds, and the same one which the  
laid his eyes gratefully on.

The cheap napery that is sold makes a good  
wash cloth, for you must remember that,  
while the sponge is desirable in the bath,  
something more than a sponge is required to  
make one absolutely clean. By the by, a  
light quality of flannel, one combining cotton  
with wool, is also desirable for a cloth. It is  
only after one has grown accustomed to the  
morning bath that one realises all that it  
means, how, in the best way, it awakens one  
up, mentally and physically, and starts one  
out ready to begin the work of another day.

#### KIPLING, SINGER OF BRAVE SONGS.

THERE is in our day one of the tellers of  
tales and singers of songs who, in full voice,  
and with the joy and strength of youth, has  
in doing well and faithfully his own work,  
told the glory and nobility of all the work of  
the world. His is a literature of power; it has  
a sort of dynamic force in itself, and it is in  
praise of labor, of strength, and of courage;  
while sounding through prose and verse now  
and again comes a note of tenderness, some-  
times a note of tragic pathos—not merely  
on account of individual pain and sorrow,  
but the pain and sorrow which is the burden  
of humanity.

In one of this writer's most mystical stories  
—for while he pictures with relentless reality  
the outward look of things his imagination  
often gives his stories

of his sonnet, and, amidst his own, said  
"Ye're welcome hame again, laird."  
"Thank you," said the colonel, adding,  
after a pause: "I surely should know your  
face. Aren't you Nathan M'Culloch?"  
"Ye're richt, 'deed," says Nathan; "it's  
just me, laird."  
"You must be a good age now, Nathan,"  
says the colonel.

"I'm no' vera auld yet, laird," was the re-  
ply; "I'm just turned a hunner."  
"A hundred!" says the colonel, musing.  
"Well, you must be all that; but the idea of  
a man of a hundred sitting blubberin' that  
way—whatever could you get to cry about?"  
"It was my faither lashed me, sir," said  
Nathan, bubbling again; "an' he put me oot,  
so he did!"

"Your father!" said the colonel, aston-  
ished; "is your father alive yet?"

"Leevin'!" Ay," replied Nathan, "I ken  
that the day tae my sorrow."

"Where is he?" says the colonel. "What  
an age he must be! I would like to see  
him."

"Oh, he's up in the barn there," says Na-  
than, "an' no' in a horrid guid humour the  
noo, aither."

They went up to the barn together, and  
found the father busy threshing the barley  
with the big flail, and tearing on fearful.  
Seeing Nathan and the laird coming in, he  
stopped and saluted the colonel, who, after  
inquiring how he was, asked him what he  
had struck Nathan for.

"The young rascal," says the father,  
"he turned to the husband, who knew by the

bed, his haggard face buried in the white  
spread.

"You understand her so well," said the  
physician almost irritably. "Can't you say  
something or do something that will arouse  
her from this stupor? Isn't there anything  
you could do that would awaken her?"

A look of hope lighted the husband's pale  
face. He rose without a word and left the  
house.

It was midnight. The watchers by the  
bedside heard the rain pelting against the  
window panes and the wind whistling around  
the corners of the old home. A step sounded  
on the gravel walk outside. In another sec-  
ond there was the click of a latchkey fum-  
bling uncertainly in the keyhole of the front  
door. The restless turning of the sick wo-  
man's head upon the pillow stopped sudden-  
ly. She seemed to listen.

The door opened and unsteady steps came  
along the hall. The husband entered the  
dimly lighted room and felt his way among  
the chairs. His wife's eyes were open now.  
Her lips twitched once or twice, then parted.

"John," she said faintly, "where have you  
been until this hour?"

And they knew that she was saved.

#### THRUMS.

tion as to lay Vandal hands on so holy a  
tion" should have so far become a Deforma-  
a movement calling itself "The Reforma-  
tomb of Sweetheart's holy lane. Alas, that  
embalmed heart laid upon her bosom in the  
memory of her dead lord, the Balliol, and his  
tenderest legend of the affections, her loving  
tries. It is she who has dowered us with that  
the Ninth, first linked Galloway on to Dum-  
was Devorgilla who, by the aid big over  
sanity life in a rude and tumultuous age. It  
Garet Atheling in the better days of the  
teenth century, and the spirit of self-sacrifice.—  
earnestness, and the spirit of self-sacrifice.—  
The Gallowayian.  
Set yourself earnestly to see what you  
were made to do, and the lotter your purpose  
estly to do it; and the more sure you will be to make the  
is the more sure you will be to make the  
world richer with every enrichment of your  
self.—Phillips Brooks.



*Dr. and Mrs. David H. Wilson*  
*announce the marriage of their daughter*  
*Sarah Kathleen*  
*to*  
*Dr. Colin Wolseley Graham,*  
*on Wednesday, June the fourth,*  
*nineteen hundred and thirteen*  
*at St. Saviour's Church, Belgrave,*  
*London,*  
*England.*

*1966, Haro Street,*  
*Vancouver, B. C.*





*Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Birch*  
*request the honour of your presence*  
*at the marriage of their daughter*  
*Beatrice Leeson*  
*to*

*Mr. Stanley Newlands Graham*  
*on Wednesday morning, October, the twenty second*  
*nineteen hundred and thirteen*  
*at half past ten, o'clock*  
*Queen Street Methodist Church*  
*and afterwards at their residence*  
*136 Bagot Street*  
*Kingston, Ontario.*



ULY 22.

**CITY AND VICINITY.**

**Saturday Excursion To Cape Vincent.**

Steamer Islander, 2 p.m. via the foot of the island, one hour at Cape, home early, only 50c.

**A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.**

Itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

**It's A Good Habit.**

Belleville Intelligencer.

Kingston old boys will gather in the old town on Saturday next. They've got the habit, and make a practice of going home every year. It's a good habit, too. Pity we couldn't get our old boys to do the same thing.

**1,000 Islands And Rochester.**

Steamers North King and Caspian leave Swift's wharf at 10:17 a.m., daily, except Monday, for Thousand Islands, and at 5 p.m. for Bay of Quinte ports and Rochester. J. P. Hanley, agent.

**Remains Laid To Rest.**

The funeral of the late George Newlands took place this afternoon. Of the three sons who were away, only one, Isaac, of Buffalo, N.Y., was able to reach the city in time. Rev. Dr. Macgillivray conducted the burial service. The remains were laid to rest in Cataraqui cemetery.

**Excursions This Morning.**

The steamer Aletha left at 7:30 o'clock this morning with about 250 excursionists for Jones' Falls. The excursion was under the auspices of Brook street Methodist church.

At 8:30 o'clock the steamer New York left with a small number for Ogdensburg. She called at ports on the New York side.

# DAILY

KINGSTON, ONT

## FIERCE FIGHT

And Russians Said to Have  
Gone Under.

## AT IT TWO DAYS

AND THE STRUGGLE IS STILL  
GOING ON.

Japanese Attacked With Great  
Daring, Russians Splendidly  
Contesting Ground—The Jap-  
anese Said to be Marching on  
Mukden.

Special to the Whig.  
London, July 22.—The meagreness  
of the news from Manchuria, since the  
battle at Motien Pass, on July 17th,  
seems likely to be followed by the an-  
nouncement of another important en-  
gagement. Gen. Kouropatkin, in a  
despatch dated July 19th, intimates  
that there is a considerable move-  
ment on the Japanese right and the  
despatches from correspondents of the  
same date have their sequel in a Liao  
announcing a Russian









Miss M. C. L. L.

NOV 24  
1907



Mrs. Graham  
316 Huron St.  
Toronto  
Ont.



324/8  
113



Horton, Ont.  
Feb. 24/15.

My Dear Mrs. Graham—

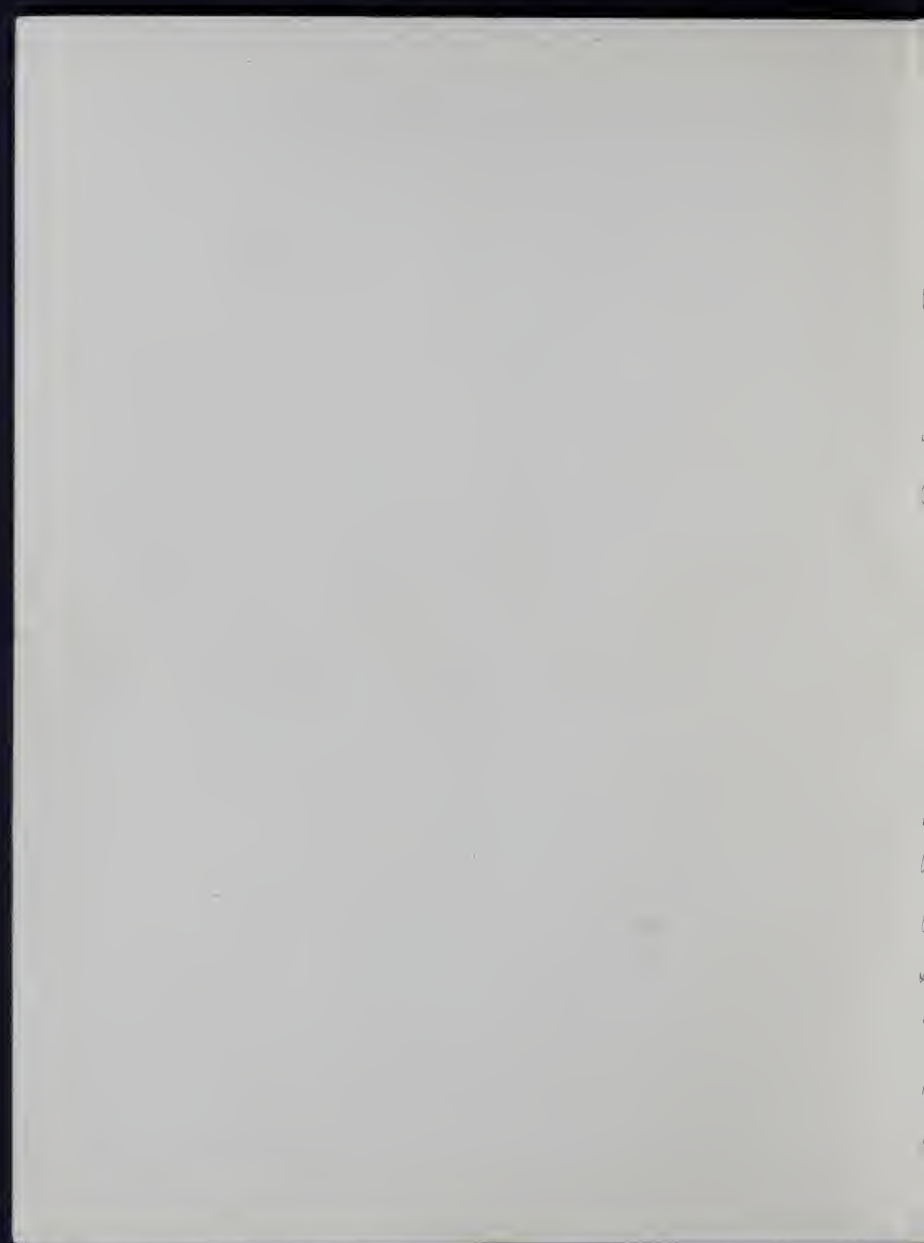
Thank you, very much, for your note at New Year, and your collar, also, for your note of sympathy.

In October, of 1907, I went up, to see Auntie, and took the children. She was quite bright, but was suffering with a pain in her heel. Dr. Gibson spent Thanksgiving Day, at home, and said that gangrene had set in. Later on, Dr. Campbell was called in, and, he agreed with Dr. Gibson. There was no possible cure, and, Dear Auntie was obliged to suffer, relieved only by opiates to deaden the pain. She could not understand why the Doctor could not help her, and, wished for further advice. I intended to go up to see

Mr. Hackie said he knew she was wandering.  
Mrs. Gibson said she thought the children and  
I were there and often asked, "where are the  
children, now?" I told, "they are in school," or  
"in bed," or "studying their lessons," she was  
quite satisfied. Poor, dear Auntie, she did  
love us all so much. Our Mother could not  
have been more devoted. We did our best to  
make her comfortable, during her last illness,  
and, I am sure she enjoyed life, as much  
as one so afflicted, could, almost to the end.  
She looked so lovely, as she lay "At Rest" I  
wish you could have seen her! Mary said  
she did not look more than seventy. Lovely  
white flowers covered her casket and she was  
carried from the house by Will and James.  
Mourners Mo. Fred. Elsie. and Tom.

death, but I fully expected  
Amanda would let you know  
of it in some way.  
Elsie has two little ones, now,  
has she not? Tell me about  
them when you write, as I hope  
you will.

You will be surprised  
to hear that we expect to leave  
Ayrton, probably about the end of  
March. Mr. McDonald has been  
notified of a unanimous call  
to Ramsayville, about seven  
miles from Ottawa. I think it  
is the first station (after leaving  
the city), on the New York and  
Ottawa Railway. Now, that dear  
Auntie is away, there is no  
reason for our remaining near  
Kingston, so I am glad of the  
change. I will let you know  
when we are settled in our new

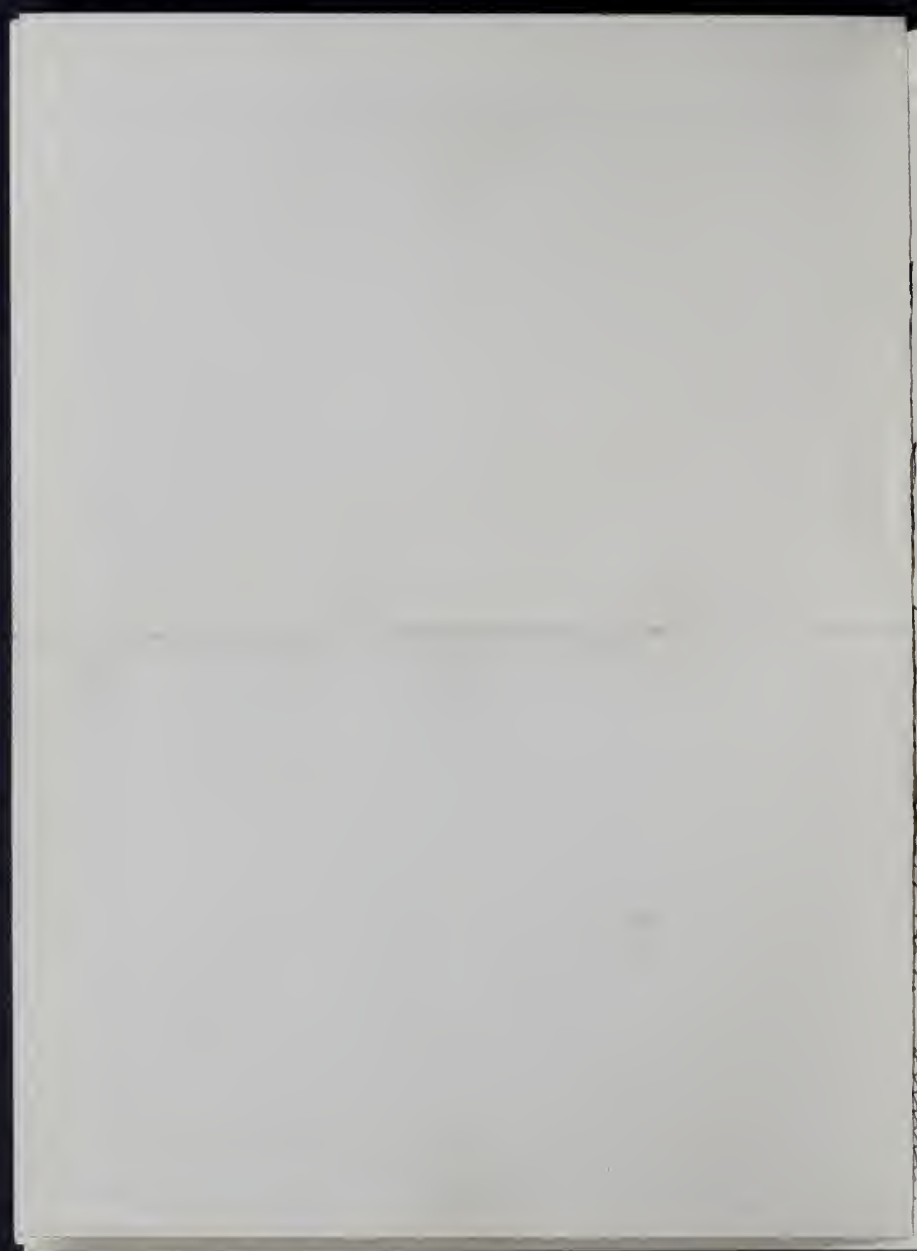




house. What news have you from  
the boys? Dear Mrs. Graham, thank  
you very much for your loving  
little attentions to Auntie. We  
appreciated them to the full.  
With much love to yourself and  
Elsie,  
I remain

Lovingly Yours  
Agnes M. McDonald.

P.S. I did not see Auntie, again,  
after being up in October. She  
telephoned on Wednesday, the day  
she died, that she was sicking  
and, later on, that she was away.  
But, I could not get to the city,  
until the next day, Thursday.  
A. M. McD.



her, about the 16th. of December, but  
was prevented by Mrs. Gibson, who  
wrote to say that the doctor said she  
might live for two or three years,  
if nothing unforeseen occurred, but  
that her sufferings would only be on  
the increase, as time went on.  
On the evening of December 17th. she  
grew rapidly worse, and on the  
morning of Dec. 18th. the disease  
went up into her body, and, about  
noon, she passed away. She was  
not conscious all night, but, once,  
she called "Aunnie, Aunnie". Her  
mind was astray, to some extent,  
for some little time before her  
death. On the last Friday of her  
life, Dr. Mackie called to see her,  
and, after he had made a few  
remarks, she said, "You, Aggie, the  
others have gone out, and we can  
have a little chat." Two or three  
times, she made this remark, so,

Dr. Mackie's service was beautiful and the day was fine. There is a great ~~large~~ left in our hearts and lives, but we feel thankful that she is free from her burden of suffering forever. She died on the sixth anniversary of Dr. Mackie's wedding, and on the evening of the day, she was taken away, Jean had another little daughter, "Agnes Kathleen." "Agnes" being of course, for Mother. Jean is very ~~strong~~ strong and I feel very anxious about her. It is hard to procure capable help. Jean has a girl now, but she is little more than a nuisance; and yet, Jean does not dare say a word, in case she might be left, entirely alone. I did not know what your Toronto address was, Mrs. Graham, as you say, so, could not send you a paper containing notice of funeral.



## SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

A List of Those Who May Now Enter the Collegiate Institute.

Following is a list of the successful candidates at the late entrance examination in this city to the Collegiate Institute.

### PASSED.

Margaret King, 530; Stanley Graham, 513; Mabel King, 513; Mabel Miller, 506; Maggie Robertson, 506; Rose Bailey, 494; Sarah Swan, 487 (convent); Lizzie Gardiner, 474; Raymond Baker, 474; Alma Grass, 467; Valentine Lindsay, 465; Florence Copley, 460; Carrie Asselstine, 451; William H. Grant, 447; Harry Cotton, 438; Josie Browne, 435 (convent); Bertha McMillan, 435; Lillie Garrett, 434; Job Rogers, 432; Louise Hipson, 432; Mary Bolger, 430 (convent); Jennie Bucknell, 429; Ethel Porter, 426; Laura Briggs, 424; William H. Smythe, 423; Etta Saunders, 422; Clara Sawberry, 421; Jennie Gordon, 419; Frankie Keating, 419 (convent); Maggie Sissons, 417; Annie Jenkin, 416; Lizzie Pound, 411; Halloway Waddell, 409; Dundas McLeod, 408; Olive Swales, 408; Annie Madden, 407; John Davy, 402; William T. Prittie, 400; William Phippen, 399; Lillie Reyner, 398; Florence Birch, 394; Evelyn Dickson, 393; Bessie Weir, 386; Harold Girvin, 385; Winthrop Sears, 384; Eva Horsey, 383; Alexander Smith, 382; Aggie Doolan, 383; (convent).

The following candidates are recommended: Lilla Callaghan, 430; Kathleen Callaghan, 423; Alice Watson, 398; William Rogers, 393; Edwin Elliott, 389; Hattie Guy, 387; Stafford Kirkpatrick, 386; Nellie Taylor, 384; David W. Houston, 384; Nellie Hiscock, 383; W. J. McCammon, 383; Edward O'Donnell, 383; Sadie Lyone, 383; Edward McDermott, 383.

Inspector Kidd desires to correct the impression which seems to have gone abroad that the local examiners were responsible for the difficult character of some of the papers. The local examiners had nothing to do with the preparation of the questions. They examined the candidates' papers and were entirely agreed in their conclusions.

Canadians Can Sing.

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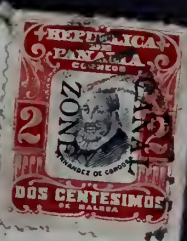
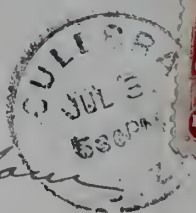
he only  
llows—  
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arsay."  
said to  
ome to  
ackle.

and before long found himself op-  
Mlle. Marana's hotel. It occur-  
him that he had never yet called on  
in her own apartments, and he res-  
to repair that neglect. According  
went to the office and inquired  
were in. The clerk glanced at the  
board and said "Yes" abstractedly.  
ingham got into the elevator  
went up.

The passageway, after the bright  
light of the street, seemed rather  
Not knowing which way the num-  
ran, he remained for a moment w-  
the elevator left him. Just then a  
was opened on the right, a gentle  
came out, and advanced along the  
sage toward him. When about ten  
distant, he stopped, turned back, and  
parted hastily in the opposite direc-  
But Bellingham had recognized him  
was Mr. Randolph.

The incident made little impressi-  
him, however. He turned to the  
looking for the number, but findin-  
was going the wrong way he retr-  
his steps, and presently found him-  
standing before the door from w-  
Mr. Randolph had just issued. It  
Mlle. Marana's number. He know-  
and Mme. Bemax opened to him.  
his inquiring whether the prima d-  
were engaged, the lady said she w-  
see. So he walked in, and stood b-  
window, and in a few minutes  
Marana appeared. She greeted  
with such evidently spontaneous  
ure that any slight misgiving he  
have felt was immediately dissipat-  
"I began to think you were neve-  
ing to come," she said.  
"I'm so much out of the way of  
ing calls that I'm surprised to find  
self here. You have a great many  
ers?"  
"Well, a good many come, but  
very few—only old friends. And  
course," she added, "as I never w-  
New York before, that is the su-

C. W. Graham  
Cuba, C 3



Mrs G. W. Graham

G. J. C. Murray Esq.

Linwood av ~~3rd Street~~  
181 corner West Toronto  
Popular Plains Road Ont.  
Canada

Mr S R



July 1.

Dear Mother.

Intended to  
write you in time  
to catch the boat which  
was to sail to-day  
but was so busy  
didn't get it done.  
The past week has  
been a very busy  
one - a continual  
stream of patients  
from 8-12 & 2-5.

I haven't been to  
church yet. Have  
an office hour in  
the morning which  
interferes with it and  
in the evening feel  
more like taking it  
easy but intend  
to go next Sunday if  
there is an evening  
service.

I am going to send  
my dress order home  
by post-registered.  
I see what it cost.

have any use for them  
here.

I hope you will all  
like the new house -  
She has been moving  
so often she will get the  
habit.

Had a letter from  
Bessie Dalton to day -  
He has settled in  
Springfield, Mass. and  
seems to like the town  
very much. Says it  
was a little slow at  
first - but he is

beginning to get  
acquainted.

Went in to Union  
last night for a change.  
stayed in the doctor's  
quarters. I got tired  
of hanging around looking  
after a lot of much to do  
here. Have made no  
friends at all except  
the doctor. Have been  
over to Major Galvin  
a couple of times but  
they are going to be  
moved.

I suppose I ought to  
go in to Union and  
call on the British Consul



but I have so little  
time in there that I don't  
feel like calling on people  
I don't care to raps about.  
It's too much trouble  
going in from here it is  
a half hour ride on a  
dirty, sooty train.

I shall be glad when  
my year here is up and  
I can get settled in practice.  
I don't regret coming as  
the money and experience  
make it well worth while  
but in a year I will  
have ~~found~~ about all  
I can get out of it as  
my present position

It is quite probable  
that Mr. Lytle will not  
be here more than a  
year and he told  
Crocker that it was  
probable I would get  
the place. It would  
be quite a tempting offer  
to \$4500 a year and probably  
enable to a house of my  
own at Ancon Hospital.  
I would get all kinds of  
operating. How would  
you like to come down  
here for a while if I  
should get the offer. I'm  
sure you would like it  
for a while anyway. The  
climate at Ancon is fine,

It is as beautiful a spot as one is likely to find and there are plenty of the nice people.

I am not counting on getting it and am not sure that it would take it - would not do so at all if you didn't care about coming down here. Union is the only place on the Atlantic that is really a pleasant place to live in but from what I have seen of it I think one could live as comfortably & enjoyably as any place I know of.

10 pm.

Have just finished my monthly report - have had a total of 567 visits this month so you see I have been doing some work.



It averages up quite a few  
patients a day especially  
as I have been in to see  
several times for operation.  
so that I have been here for  
work only about 22 whole  
days.

I go over to Gonzaga, which  
is about 15 miles from here,  
on Monday & Thursday afternoon.  
So far haven't had much to do  
there so have only been  
over twice but when I get  
started will have all I can  
handle. It has been a kind  
of a rest going over there  
leave here at 2 o'clock and  
get back at 6. My attendant  
packs my grip and brings it  
over and back so that all  
I have to do is to get on and  
off the train. He gets everything  
ready in the room there so



it is no more trouble  
than working in my own  
Office.

Am glad to hear the baby  
is doing so well. I hope  
the hot weather doesn't keep  
her out...

I hardly expected that skin  
would strike it right away  
as long as it is paying I  
think it is all they could expect  
until it is developed further.  
Well, have a busy day  
to-morrow so think I shall  
go to bed. I take the 7.20  
train for Pocomoke - have  
two cases to operate on at  
the hospital, leave there at

10.30 and we come here  
from 11-12 and at 2 go  
on to Hongora.

Mrs Lyster has invited me  
for dinner for Saturday night  
(July 4th) and there is a  
dinner at the Swiss of Geneva  
shall stay there all night.

Colin.









